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## SONGS OF SCOTLAND.

Mr. Kennedy, the Scottish vocalist, was greeted by a large audience on the occasion of his first appearance at Steinway Hall, on Thursday evening, the 6th inst., notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather. He has an excellent voice, and sings the beautiful songs of his country with genuine feeling, and with much spirit and effect. As an elocutionist he has a very happy delivery, and the descriptive matter by which he introduces the various songs is all pertinent and highly interesting. His entertainments are very pleasing, and seemed to be thoroughly enjoyed by his audience. His daughter, quite a young lady, played his accompaniments with rare taste and accuracy. At a smaller hall we think Mr. Kennedy could repeat his entertainments many times with success.

THE Fifteenth Sunday Concert had for its special attraction Wenzel Kopta, a recent comer from Germany, quite youthful in appearance, but evidently well-informed of a sensational violinist's duty in a concert hall. His first essay was in the extreme sensation style of Paganini, comprising that celebrated sensation player's Adagio and Rondo from his second Concerto. In that performance he exhibited remarkably brilliant execution, but he seemed to be unfortunately nervous and in high scales betrayed marked impurity of intonation. He plays with excessively thin strings, and his tone, of course, lacks the fullness and strength to pervade distinctly so large a hall as that in which he made his debut. His second performance, Vieuxtemp's "Air Varié Brillante," commended him far more to critical estimation, as there his intonation was surer, and the unpleasantly flurried manner which marred his first essay, was toned down to comparative repose and correspondent smoothness in performance. Enthusiastic applause, with decided recalls, awaited each performance, and the popular judgment awarded Kopta immense success in his debut before a New York public.

Mrs. Ritter's strong voice gave her acceptance with some, although her use of large vocal means did not satisfy critical estimation.

The orchestral performances were in general satisfactory. The Schumann Scherzo appeared tame, however.

HENRY TUCKER's concert appeal was awarded by a large gathering at Steinway Hall, and the performance generally met public expectation so well that encores were lavishly distributed over the programme. Mr. G. W. Morgan could not play, and Mr. F. A. Chace appeared to have lost command of his once effective voice so entirely, that even "Oh ye tears" gained very slight response.

Some disappointment was expressed at not hearing Mr. Tucker's sweet alto in sentiment

tal ballad, with his own guitar accompaniment. Like the loss of Mr. Morgan's organ performance, that could not be avoided, his voice being disabled by a cold, while Mr. Morgan could not use his foot.

(For the American Art Journal.)

## TOO L A T E.

Her weariness is over,  
Her watching all is past—  
These lips that life made weary,  
Death seals with peace at last.  
These hands, outstretched so mutely,  
Are quiet on her breast,  
No weary throbbing 'neath them—  
The sad heart is at rest!

And so we meet, my darling!—  
The meeting—that to gain  
I would have given years of life—  
Comes all in vain—in vain!  
The laurels and the honors,  
I craved for thee alone,  
Are worse than worthless—Oh, my God!  
Shall *they* for *this* atone?

Shall *THEY* blot out the memory  
That on this pale, sad face,  
Tears—even through Death's holy smile—  
Still leave their scalding trace;  
That eyes grew worn in watching  
For one, who never came;  
That white lips closed while breathing,  
In loving prayer, his name!

These little hands, whose clinging  
I sadly put away,  
Though longing for their tender touch  
Through years, by night and day;  
These lips, whose soft caresses  
I madly said must wait,  
Till won by me with wealth and fame,  
Are mine—too late—too late.

Oh! God, in bitter anguish!  
Through blinding tears, I pray  
Give me, Ah! give me back the years  
I madly threw away.  
"She is not dead, but sleepeth,"  
Was once in mercy said;  
Take all—all I have toiled to win,  
But give me back my dead!

November 29th, 1866.

## MATTERS THEATRIC.

Mr. Booth's latest personations are "Richelieu," "The Stranger," "Don Caesar de Bazan," and "Petruchio;" in all he has been more or less successful, but "Richelieu" stands at the head of the list. Mr. Booth's conception of the character of the wily old cardinal is eminently correct and truthful, and is probably the finest rendering of the part now on the stage. The gentleman has been found great fault with for not making Richelieu appear older and more infirm than he does; to me this is one of the greatest charms in the performance—at the period represented in the play Richelieu was but fifty seven years of age,

and, although laboring under the effects of poison, administered to him by an Italian monk, still retained all the vigor and energy of his earlier days; this being the case the majority of our actors are entirely false in their conception and rendering of the character, making the cardinal a weak old man whose senility becomes almost painful; true, they may justify their conceptions, to some, by the feeble and almost dying condition of Richelieu in the fourth and fifth acts of the play, but history throws their justification to the ground most effectually as it is a well known historical fact that, when there was a point to be gained, it was his wont to put on this semblance of feebleness and old age, thereby gaining still more the affection and confidence of the King. witness his grand burst in the fifth act, when, the fatal packet in his possession, and the treachery of Baradas and Gaston exposed to the King, Louis bids him reign in his stead—would a dying and enfeebled man, such as the majority of critics and actors make him out, be able to meet and baffle at all points the conspiracy of the traitors? No! it would be a moral and physical impossibility, and Mr. Booth in conceiving the character as he does, accomplishes a masterpiece of art.

Mr. Barton Hill is one of the best representatives of Baradas we have ever had in New York; his reading is excellent and his acting is all that could be desired, entirely devoid of the ferocious blood-thirstiness of character with which we are accustomed to see the unfortunate conspirator invested.

Mr. Gotthold's De Mauprat just misses, by a hair's breadth, being a thorough success; his action is dignified and manly, his reading good and sensible, and were he but to infuse a little more fire and energy into it would be perfect. The gentleman's great fault, at present, is a certain tameness which mars all his best efforts; he possesses the elements of a thoroughly fine, and I may say great, actor, but as long as he perseveres in his present style, just as long will he be kept from the high position in the drama to which, with his talents and accomplishments, he should some day attain.

Mme. Methua Scheller's Julie is *not* good, and no puffing or writing can make it so. Mr. Booth has made a great mistake in engaging this lady to support him, one-half her talent is of a very negative order, her action is ungraceful, while her unfortunate German accent grates harshly and unpleasantly on the ear. This is hard language to use of a lady who evidently evinces a desire to improve, and who has been much praised by many of our New York critics; but these same critics know quite as well as I do that Mme. Scheller is not a great actress, and I hold it to be false courtesy and false gallantry to lavish on her unjust praise while her faults are so glaringly apparent. On the German stage, speaking her own language, she may be a graceful and accomplished actress, but on the English stage she is entirely out of her sphere and, in many cases, has tended greatly to mar the pleasure we all take in witnessing the performances of our great tragedian.

"Richelieu" is put upon the stage with the same careful attention to scenery and costume as was expended upon it last season, and will doubtless